



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

OCTOBER, 1975





PEARL MOSQUE in the Red Fort at Delhi, framed in one of the many graceful arches. Photo by Lawrence Villers.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA



Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● With time available, your editor has had an opportunity to read again several hundred cards and letters received during the recent period of recuperation. Some were from bashas, signed by a number of members; many from close friends, others from CBIs who have been only names on the Roundup mailing list. All were welcome, much appreciated, and enjoyed thoroughly. Unfortunately it will be impossible to answer them all . . . once again, thanks for being such great people!

● Cover picture this month catches General Claire L. Chennault engaged in a favorite pastime at Kunming. Dr. John R. Shaffer, who furnished the picture, calls the pitch Chennault's "underhanded slider."

● One of the last "Gooney Birds" in the Air Force made its final flight recently, suspended from a giant Army helicopter. The old C47 is now part of an outdoor military museum display at the Indiana National Guard headquarters, Indianapolis. An H54 Sikorsky Flying Crane ferried the old bird three miles from the city's Weir Cook Airport where an Air Force crew from Eglin Air Force Base, Fla., left it several weeks earlier. Air Guard officials claimed the new addition to the Hoosier museum is one of the last two C47s left in the Air Force. Remember what a grand job the Gooney Bird did in CBI?

● How long has it been since you wrote us a letter for publication? For most readers, TOO long. Drop us a line.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Minnesota Basha

● An organization meeting for a potential Minnesota Basha, CBIVA, will be held Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at the Holiday Inn Airport No. 2, 5401 Green Valley Drive (I-494 and Highway 100), Minneapolis, Minn. 55437. Plans call for a social hour, dinner and a business meeting. Reservations can be made directly to the motel; phone 612-831-8000. All Minnesota CBI veterans and spouses are encouraged to attend. CBIVA members from other states are very welcome to come and give support to the new group. The national convention and reunion for 1977 will be held in Minneapolis. For more details contact C. H. Otten, Delano, Minn. 55328, phone 612-972-2765; or V. M. Tamashunas, 1821 Maxwell Ave., Ames, Iowa 50010, phone 515-232-1408.

V. M. TAMASHUNAS,
Ames, Iowa



A BEAR named Victory, or Vic for short, was one of the mascots of troops at Sookerating, India. Photo by LeRoy J. Engel.



SHOT UP over the Hump, this B-24 limped back to Chabua for a crash landing. No one was hurt. Photo by Henry Sosinski.

381st Service Group

● Sure would like to hear from my old buddies of Headquarters & Base Service Squadron, 381st Air Service Group, of Tezpur, Jorhat and Shanghai. They may remember me as "Tobey."

JOHN E. TOBOLSKI, SR.,
5118 S. Normandy Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. 60638

William E. R. Covell

● Private funeral services were held at Fort Ord, Calif., for retired Maj. Gen. William E. R. Covell, who died there August 16 at the age of 82. A native of Washington, D.C., he was a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and ranked highest in his 1915 class at West Point. Attached to the Corps of Engineers, he was commander of engineering supplies in the China-Burma-India theater in World War II. His wife and a daughter survive.

(From a San Francisco Chronicle clipping submitted by Ray Kirkpatrick, Hayward, Calif.)

James E. Rooke

● My husband, James E. Rooke, passed away August 6. He was a member of Merrill's Marauders.

MRS. LORETTA ROOKE,
Warren, Mich.

Florida Basha

● We are inviting all CBiers living in Florida to join us on October 23, 24 and 25 at the Ramada Inn of Fort Myers. Earl O. Cullum, the CBIVA National Commander, will be here to install all officers, and out-of-state basha members will honor us with their presence. Response to our invitation has been very rewarding, and a fine three-day schedule has been prepared. The Ramada manager has given all CBiers a special rate, one week before and one week after our convention, as follows: Single \$14, double \$15. Children and teenagers are free. Call the Ramada, 813-332-1141; call Bill, 813-334-4358. Fishing, tours, swimming and golfing at a private club are yours. You can't say no! Members of the committee are Billy Todd Lambert, Richard H. Poppe and Bill Martienssen.

WM. MARTIENSSEN,
Fort Myers, Fla.

Richard Hapgood

● Richard L. Hapgood, 71, a Boston Skating Club official and a former reporter for the old Boston Traveler, died July 31. A graduate of Harvard College, he had been assistant to the dean of Harvard Dental College before World War II when he served with the "Flying Tigers" in the CBI theater.

(From a Boston Herald clipping sent in by Walter T. Pulsifer, Northboro, Mass.)



INDIAN WOMEN with baskets on their heads gather fuel for cooking. Photo by Harry E. Kane.



MAN WITH DIP-NET seins for minnows in the Brahmaputra River between Ramgarh, India, and the Burma border. Minnows are deposited in the basket hanging to his back, and are mashed to be eaten with rice. Photo by Byron P. Sadler.

S. S. Brazil

● Have a "Shellback" certificate issued to all on board the S.S. Brazil when we crossed the Equator on April 10, 1942. It is signed by H. N. Sadler; does anyone know who he is? I notice from it that we were called the 23rd Pursuit Group at that time. I am under the impression that the Brazil, accompanied by the MormacLide and the S.S. Monterey, were the first ships to land in India (Karachi) for the purpose of relieving the AVG or Flying Tigers, who later were incorporated into the armed forces as the 14th Air Force.

A. CATALANO,
New York, N.Y.

George L. Wilson

● Retired Col. George L. Wilson, 63, a former Army intelligence officer, died in March at Walter Reed Hospital. He was sent overseas early in World War II as commander of the Counter-Intelligence Corps in the CBI theater, and eventually became director of all theater intelligence activity. He later was in charge of C.I.C.

operations in Europe, and had intelligence assignments in other countries. Survivors include his wife, a son and a daughter.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Jeanne B. Hillen, Laurel, Md.)

John W. Lee

● John W. Lee, 59, of Washington, Iowa, commander of the Iowa Basha of the CBI Veterans Association, died August 18 at an Iowa City hospital. An insurance and real estate man, he served in the Z Forces and Chinese Combat Command during World War II. He was one of the organizers of the Iowa Basha. Survivors include his wife, two daughters and six grandchildren.

(From newspaper clippings sent in by several readers.)

81st Fighter Gp.

● Spent about 15 months in India with the 93rd Fighter Squadron, 81st Fighter Group, and left there in May 1945 to return to the States. Our group had served in the North Africa and Sicily campaigns before being transferred to Karachi and then on to an airfield near Gushkara, about 80 miles north of Calcutta.

ROBERT E. WEAVER,
St. Joseph, Ill.



BUILDING a good Jeep from the wreckage of two are Pfc. Bert Golden, Saginaw, Mich.; Sgt. Marcel Godon, Elmhurst, Ill.; Sgt. Pait Phillips, St. Louis, Mo.; and Lt. George Brown, Houston, Tex. They were members of the 1380 E.P.D. Company, working on the pipeline east of Kunming, China. Photo by Ray Howard and Boyd Sinclair.

CBlers Invade San Francisco

CBlers turned out in near-record numbers August 6-9 for the 28th National CBIVA Reunion in San Francisco, chalking up a huge success for Syd Wilson, Ray Kirkpatrick and other members of the reunion committee.

With 362 officially registered and far more than that attending some events, rooms originally reserved at the Holiday Inn Civic Center were too small for the reunion. Most events were held across the street at the Towne House, where many CBlers also were housed.

As usual, there were many who came early and stayed late in order to see the sights of the city by the Golden Gate.

The reunion officially opened with the wine-tasting party hosted by the Gen. George W. Sliney Basha of San Francisco Wednesday night. Following that there was a three-day succession of coffee hours, business sessions, lunch-

eons, tours, hospitality rooms, dinners, visits, parties . . . and even a 11:45 a.m. beer bust.

The annual memorial service, conducted by Father Edward Glavin, CBIVA chaplain, was held in the chapel of the Presidio of San Francisco. Assistance in arranging the location was given by the Sixth Army.

Friday was one of the big days, with the Past Commanders' Luncheon at the Towne House at noon, Puja Poolside at 3 p.m. at the Holiday Inn, and a Chinatown dinner at the Four Seas Restaurant in the evening.

The Commanders' Dinner and Dance, held Saturday night at the Towne House, officially closed the reunion.

Gen. Fred C. Weyand, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, received the Americanism Award and was banquet speaker. General Weyand, who received



TWO FAMOUS SONS of the CBI theater were among speakers at the 1975 San Francisco reunion. Gen. Fred C. Weyand, U.S. Army Chief of Staff, was banquet speaker and was presented the Americanism Award which is given each year by CBIVA.



DEAN RUSK, former U.S. Secretary of State, dropped in for a visit during the Saturday morning business session and was invited to speak. He is shown here during his chatty and informal talk, with National Commander Richard H. Poppe.

his commission as a second lieutenant on graduation from the University of California and entered on active duty in December, 1940, served with various units in the CBI theater. He also served in Korea and Europe in various commands, later in South Vietnam where he eventually became Commander, and has been Army Chief of Staff since October, 1974.

CBIVA Award of Merit, also presented at the banquet, went to Ray Alderson of Dubuque, Iowa, longtime adjutant and finance officer of the Iowa Basha.

The Bicentennial Color Guard from the Presidio, and the Sixth Army's Band Chorus, assisted with the banquet program.

A surprise visitor at one of the business sessions was a well-known CBIer, Dean Rusk, former U.S. Secretary of State. Rusk, now a professor of law at Georgia University, was invited to speak to the delegates. He was named as honorary co-chairman of the 1976 reunion in Atlanta.

Following the dinner at the South Seas, China War Memorial Medals were presented to a number of CBIers with China service by James Lee, Chinese Consulate General. Chinese youth groups entertained with music and dancing.

Minneapolis, Minn., was selected as the site for the 1977 reunion by a one-vote margin over Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Charles "Chuck" Mitchell told of plans for the 1976 event in Atlanta.

Earl O. Cullum of Dallas, Tex., was chosen as the new national commander to succeed Richard H. Poppe of Loveland, Ohio, and Earl A. Harris of Newtown Square, Pa., was named as senior vice commander. Louis J. Poudre of Lothian, Md., was elected as the new judge advocate, while Frank Breyer of Galveston, Tex., became provost marshal.

Other officers named for the year ahead are Ila M. Kidd of Albany, Calif., junior vice commander northwest; Louis DeMarino of Mesa, Ariz., junior vice commander west; Frank P. Branger of Dallas, Tex., junior vice commander southwest; Victor M. Tama-



NEWLY-ELECTED National Commander Earl O. Cullum samples Carew's Gin shipped in from India for the convention through arrangements made by Col. Marvin Sledge (right).

shunas of Ames, Iowa, junior vice commander north; Edward T. Berendt of Toledo, Ohio, junior vice commander Great Lakes; William Martienssen of Fort Myers, Fla., junior vice commander south; Loren R. Durfee of Cheektowaga, N.Y., junior vice commander east; Charles W. Rose of Knoxville, Md., junior vice commander southeast; William Krohn of Jackson, Wis., adjutant and finance officer; Eugene R. Brauer of Milwaukee, Wis., public relations officer; Eleanor B. Harris of Muskogee, Okla., service officer; Father Edward R. Glavin of Amsterdam, N.Y., chaplain; Walter L. Carre of Sewell, N.J., historian; Dr. Charles E. Hart of St. Clair Shores, Mich., surgeon general; and Richard H. Poppe of Loveland, Ohio, immediate past commander.

The new officers were formally installed the final night of the reunion.

A number of special events had been arranged for the CBI youth group. Included were visits to Alcatraz, the

CBIers Invade San Francisco

Maritime Museum, Fisherman's Wharf, a movie "Above San Francisco," hamburgers at Hippo's, a North Beach dinner at Caesar's, the Oakland zoo keeper's "beyond the cages" tour, a swim and lunch at Concord, BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) rides and Chinatown, city and Muir Woods tours.

The youth tours were arranged by Holley Tours, working with Victor and Bonnie Prella, Barbara and Andy Mercak.

Several CBIers who were attending for the first time were heard to remark, "See you next year in Atlanta and the following year in Minneapolis!"



PUJA PARTY was held poolside at the Holiday Inn Civic Center, without the customary parade. It was a time for visiting and reminiscing, with many appearing in costumes having at least "some connection" with one of the CBI countries.

BOOK REVIEWS



CLIVE OF INDIA. By Mark Bence-Jones. St. Martin's Press. March 1975. \$8.95.

A study of the career of the soldier-statesman-adventurer who more than anyone founded the British Raj in India. It tells of his long succession of skirmishes and battles, and of his complicated intrigues with Indian princes, who found themselves more and more shorn of real power. It shows the pattern of how small commercial empires of the 18th century tended to become the full-blown colonial ones of the 19th.

THE BENGALI INHERITANCE. By Owen Sela. Pantheon Books. May 1975. \$6.95.

A thriller set in tense Hong Kong, where an Indian has been found dead in a taxi, apparently victim of a grisly ritual murder. Chief Inspector Chan pursues slender leads through the heart of the city's gangland, to a wanted Japanese war criminal, to the site of a 1945 air crash in Taiwan in which the historical figure Subhas Chandra Bose, Bengali nationalist and Japanese collaborator, died in possession of a horde of treasure.

THE SEARCH FOR PEKING MAN. By Christopher Janus with William Brashler. MacMillan Co. May 1975. \$8.95.

Another narrative of the search for those fossil bones so important to the history of man, and missing since the Japanese occupation of Peking in 1941. The story takes the reader to Hong Kong, Taiwan and Bangkok, but much of the action takes place in New York. The author will be remembered as an American businessman from Chicago who was told by the Chinese government that he could be one of the first tourists to visit China after Nixon, and then in mid-visit was asked to recover the Peking man collection for the Chinese. He's still looking.

THE GREAT HIMALAYAN PASSAGE: *The Story of an Extraordinary Adventure on the Roof of the World.* By Michel Peissel. Little, Brown & Co. May 1975. \$8.95.

An account of high adventure in the Himalayans. The author and a friend, Michael Alexander, journeyed 1,200 miles—from India to the outskirts of Tibet—on the only kind of vehicle which would manage the Himalayas and their treacherous rivers—the hovercraft. They meet primitive peoples, see awesome landscapes, make exhilarating discoveries. Includes a number of photos, some in color, of places few will ever see.

TITANS OF THE SEAS: *The Development of Japanese and American Carrier Task Forces During World War II.* By James H. Belote and William M. Belote. Harper & Row. June 1975. \$10.00.

The Japanese, at Pearl Harbor, were first to use the strategy of two or more aircraft carriers with an escort of destroyers and cruisers. The Americans began using it, and by 1944 Admiral Chester Nimitz had perfected Task Force 58, an awesome concentration of power. The Japanese for some reason abandoned their use of carrier task forces, and lost the battles of Coral Sea and Midway as a result. They returned to them for the battle of the Philippine Sea, but by that time the U.S. air power was overwhelming.

RIVER ROAD TO CHINA: *The Mekong River Expedition, 1866-73.* By Milton Osborne. Liveright (W. W. Norton & Co., dist.) July 1975. \$8.95.

Until now confined to French-speaking circles, this story will be new to most American readers. In 1868, six French naval officers set out from Saigon to trace the Mekong River to its source high in Tibet. For two years they pushed north via pirogue and on foot, finishing up in Kunming. Shoes gave out early, but 20 miles a day was often achieved, mostly in tropical heat, sometimes below freezing, always hampered by disease. Some local potentates were helpful, others threatening.

A Frightful Flight

By RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J.

By way of introduction I wish to mention that the following story is not to be taken as absolutely factual. Rather let it be classed as a piece of fiction. However, if my memory is at all reliable, it is just possible that the flight about which I write may be not entirely a mere flight of the imagination.

Every GI veteran who served in the CBI theater of World War II knows that along with the U.S. Air Force there were also RAF squadrons based in India. As a civilian chaplain I had preaching engagements that gave me occasion to visit both American and RAF airfields.

On one of those occasions another civilian chaplain named Rev. John Sloan, S.J., and I were scheduled for a week of preaching at an RAF base near a town called Agartala, in what is now Bangladesh. Father Sloan and I were in Calcutta, where the senior RAF chaplain had his headquarters. He said he would arrange to have us fly over to Agartala. There was a daily shuttle air service operating between Calcutta and Dacca for RAF personnel, and the senior chaplain thought he would be able to get us over to the Agartala airfield on one of those flights. Agartala was one of the stops on this run. It so happened, however, that there was a priority waiting list, so that for two successive days we could not get booked on any of those shuttle flights. On the third day we were scheduled to begin our preaching program at Agartala airfield, so we had to get there somehow or other. The senior chaplain said there was a squadron of RAF Beau Fighters based a short distance outside Calcutta, and he knew the C.O. of the squadron. He felt sure that he could arrange with the C.O. to have one of his Beau Fighters fly us over to Agartala.

So early next morning the senior chaplain drove us in his jeep out to that Beau Fighter airfield. The C.O. greeted

us most cordially, and said that to get us over to Agartala presented no problem at all, for he himself would fly us over in his own Beau Fighter. The senior chaplain was delighted to hear this, so he expressed his thanks, then drove back to Calcutta. The C.O. issued an order to have his Beau Fighter stripped of armor and ammunition, and to be fueled for his flight. He said it would take about an hour to get the plane ready. So we had a friendly chat for a while, then he summoned one of his aides, and told him to take us over to the parachute depot, and have us rigged up with parachutes, and to make sure that we were properly instructed how to use them. When we heard that we were to wear parachutes, Father Sloan and I began to get butterflies in the pantry. That preaching assignment in Agartala was becoming more than we had bargained for.

So it is a vast understatement to say that Father Sloan and I were not at ease when we reached the parachute depot. We of course had seen parachutes in pictures, but certainly neither of us had ever worn one. I doubt if we had even seen one at close quarters. We now beheld parachutes all over the place. Some were packed and ready for use, while others were spread out for inspection and re-packing.

The RAF lads who were in charge of the parachute depot managed to conceal all signs of amusement, but I had a strong suspicion that they were enjoying the job of rigging up these two padres with parachutes. We were each given a harness, which consisted of heavy fabric straps that passed between the legs and were drawn up the back and over the shoulders, then buckled securely to another strap that ran across the chest. The packs containing the parachutes were fastened to the straps at chest level by means of metal clips. The RAF lads then proceeded to instruct us on how to use the parachutes. We were given a demonstration how to pull the rip-cords,

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

and were told to be sure to count to seven before pulling them, for otherwise the chutes might open too soon and get fouled in the tail section of the plane. The whole instruction was given so thoroughly and so realistically that it seemed sure as death that a parachute jump was going to be the main feature of this Beau Fighter flight to Agartala.

The RAF lads who had dressed us up in those cumbersome contraptions were wearing broad grins now as they watched us two sedate Padres waddle forth like a couple of drunken ducks toward the plane.

We now discovered that a Beau Fighter was certainly never meant to carry passengers. There was only one seat in the cramped cockpit and that of course was for the pilot. There was another seat in about the middle of the plane beneath a large plastic bubble that bulged up over the fuselage. This place was for the navigator. There was a small ladder beneath the plane by means of which we were to struggle up through the hatch into the fuselage. As we began to mount this ladder, a young officer came dashing up to the C.O. and asked if he could also join the flight. The C.O. said: "Okay, if you can squeeze in with the navigator." So that made five of us in this sky-buggy that was meant to accommodate only a pilot and navigator.

Once we got inside the plane, Father Sloan sat on an iron cross-bar and I had to stand in the small space between him and the back of the pilot. There was not enough room to stand erect; I was stooped over the pilot's shoulders.

The Beau Fighter had two powerful engines. The C.O. soon had both of them roaring, and we began to taxi out to the runway. When we reached the end of the strip, he turned the ship around and began to rev up the engines. When I thought the props were surely whirling at maximum speed, the C.O. kept urging them on until the screaming crescendo was simply deafening.

Then the C.O. suddenly turned his head, looked at me crouched over his shoulders, and began to shout at the top of his voice, as he pointed to a red lever

just beside my head. Above the roar of the engines I heard him yell: "Don't touch that! In case we have to get out in a hurry, I'll operate that lever. It releases the trap-door that you are standing on."

Well... I... I... I mean to say, I just about passed out. I immediately spread my legs as far apart as I possibly could so as to straddle the trapdoor and get both feet completely off the confounded thing... Incidentally, if you look up the word "confounded" in your Webster, you'll find that it is another way of saying "damned."

The engines now began to scream at a still higher pitch, and we started rolling down the runway. I glanced back at Father Sloan and saw him bless himself with a big sign of the cross. I did the same. Soon we were air-borne and on our way to Agartala.

It may come as an anticlimax when I tell you that we did not have to use our parachutes. But it was a rough trip. The plane pitched and lurched, and every time it swayed or staggered I thought for sure the time had come to bail out. However, after about an hour of flight we circled the Agartala airfield and came in for a safe but bumpy landing. With immense relief and joy, Father Sloan and I got rid of our parachutes and harness, thanked the C.O. profusely, and waved him a grateful farewell as he climbed back up in his Beau Fighter for the return flight to Calcutta.

Then, later in the day, Father Sloan and I made a tour of the base to get acquainted with some of the men to whom we were to start preaching that evening. One of the lads asked me: "Father, how did you get over here from Cal?" I told him that we flew over in a Beau Fighter. He reacted as though I had prodded him on an exposed nerve.

"In a Beau Fighter?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir," I said. "And why do you get all worked up about that?"

"Father," he replied solemnly, "you're a mighty brave man. I wouldn't go aloft in a Beau Fighter even if I were paid a million pounds sterling."

I was duly impressed, and asked: "Why not?"

"Father," he said gravely, as though revealing a top secret, "you can take this for Gospel truth. Whoever designed the Beau Fighter flying machine produced an unsound invention. You may ask any of the lads here who have worked on that crate, and I am sure they will agree with me."

Father Sloan and I piped up together, as though we had rehearsed it: "So do we."

After this experience with the Beau Fighter, Father Sloan was always dead scared to fly. And a year or so later he actually met his death in an air-crash at Karachi. Ironically, however, the plane that crashed was not that "unsound invention" called a Beau Fighter. It was a passenger plane, and very probably a DC3, which I believe is considered to be one of the most reliable planes ever built. +



HOWRAH—Dr. Asima Chatterjee, general president of the Indian Science Congress, inaugurating the 188th anniversary of the Indian Botanic Gardens, urged the cultivation and development of more medicinal plants. She said the garden was designed primarily as a centre for botanical research work, and pointed out advantages of herbal medicine over synthetic ones.

CALCUTTA—The West Bengal minister of commerce and industry, Mr. Tarun Kanti Ghosh, urged the sanction of Rs 1 crore for buying steamers and also for other arrangements to boost tourist traffic to the Sunderbans. He also stressed the need for international airliners touching down at Calcutta Airport for the benefit of travellers going abroad from different states in Eastern India.

DURGAPUR—A 22-year-old youth of Gourbazar village, about 16 miles from here, was arrested by the police on a charge of killing his father. Police said the young man had killed his father for demanding dowry for his marriage. It was stated the youth wanted to marry a local girl but his father demanded Rs 4,000 in cash and six grammes of gold from the girl's mother.

DARJEELING—Bhutan has set up several new sanctuaries, parks and reserve forests for the protection of its flora and fauna. Of these, the Jigme Dorji Sanctuary, covering 1,432 square miles, is the country's biggest and its

black mountains are the habitat of the rare takin. Laya and Gasa are two other sanctuaries, in which are found the musk deer, the ghoral, the blue sheep and the clouded leopard.

NEW DELHI—During its drive against hoarding and black marketing of essential commodities, the Department of Civil Supplies in the Ministry of Industry and Supplies secured conviction of 7,902 offenders during 1974. The government claims a total of 30,490 alleged offenders had been prosecuted throughout the country. A large number received prison terms ranging from three to five years.

CALCUTTA—A sudden influx of tigers from Bangladesh has baffled the Project Tiger authorities. It appeared their habitat across the border was being disturbed, causing them to seek new territory.

NEW DELHI—A push-button telephone, a radio telephone for use in villages, and a dial telephone with printed circuits and no wiring are new products of the Indian Telephone Industries' instruments factory near Allahabad.

VARANASI—There are 600 million rats in Uttar Pradesh which consume food equivalent to what could be eaten by 10 million human beings, according to a random survey conducted by an expert of the State Agricultural University.

TRIVANDRUM—Trivandrum airport is engaged in an unusual operation. About 10,000 stems of improved varieties of tapioca, developed at the Central Tuber Crops Research Institute and weighing over two tonnes, are being airlifted to Conakry in North-West Africa.



SHOPKEEPER visits with friends in doorway of novelty store in Karachi, in 1912. Photo by Chellis H. Call.

OCTOBER, 1975

Ngha Khum Gham: Kachin

By E. M. NIGHTINGALE

I was shaving by a bamboo thicket one morning when I sensed I was no longer alone. Turning, I saw two short brown men squatting on the ground and watching me impassively. Both were barefooted with the huskier of them wearing nothing but shorts. His companion wore in addition a ragged white shirt and carried something tied up in a large bandana.

"Hello," I said, "where did you come from?"

"Burma," the white shirted one replied. "We hear there are American here, so we come. We were Japanese prisoner for two year. Escape last week. My name is Ngha Khum Gham. Japanese make us work for them."

"What did you have to do?"

"Last time dig big hole."

"What for? An air raid shelter?"

The name was beyond him. He gestured with his hands. "We dig. Plane come. Zoom, zoom, bang bang! We run, jump in hole, hide."

The question had been answered. "Where did you learn to speak English?"

"Oh, I learn at Dr. Seagrave's school in Namkham. I learn about America, have a little algebra, other thing. My family, they still down there. Japanese prisoner still." Further questioning revealed he had been caught by the Japs when returning from selling yard goods to the Pai I's, but had foresightedly buried his profits beforehand. He had come here to retrieve them.

His pal was likewise a former prisoner. He had cached a lot of salt that Chinese soldiers had discovered and taken and was now in search of a general who supposedly settled such claims.

I could have told him he was wasting his time.

The rest of the camp had gathered round by now, and Chen asked Khum Gham a question in Mandarin. He got a reply in the same tongue which led to revealing the Kachin spoke not only it,

but Yunnanese, both Pai I dialects, and four Burmese languages.

A handy person to have along.

"Please, can I work for you?" he asked.

The reply from the others was decidedly negative. Three orderlies made enough of a problem with our limited transportation. Besides, the present help got five bucks a month each above their army pay, and that was expenditure enough.

Khum Gham spread his hands. "But I not want pay. I just want to work for American."

This jungle boy had pricked my curiosity for he struck me as being exceptionally intelligent. Consequently, when I said he'd be my responsibility alone, the rest gave in. To let him change his mind before it was too late, I explained that when we left we'd probably go into combat elsewhere. It might be plenty dangerous.

Brown eyes lit. "I have very great hate for Japanese. I would like very much to shoot."

His attitude wasn't surprising. The Kachins were our staunchest allies in Burma, and two battalions of them had been formed as regular units in our army there. Those missionaries were good propagandists.

Khum Gham's companion who had remained mute spoke a few words to him and left on what was undoubtedly a futile quest.

Later in the day, I remembered that Khum Gham looked like a bindlestiff. I had sent most of my money home, but decided he ought to be given a few hundred CN for sandals and such. That would leave me nearly flat, but I felt sorry for him.

I came upon him from the rear where he squatted alone in the bushes. The bandana was spread out on the ground, and he was counting its contents. They amounted to the biggest pile of silver rupees I ever hope to see.

Without uttering a word, I slipped quietly away.

The other orderlies immediately accepted him as No. 1 Boy, and the service improved markedly under his supervision. His status became rather anomalous after we moved back into Yunnan proper where none of the natives had ever heard of a Kachin. Neither could they understand the uniform we dreamed up for him. It consisted of cut down suntans and combat boots with crossed cannon on the shirt collar and an Australian bush hat. Along with it went a kukri worn at the back of the belt and my carbine that he insisted on carrying. When all rigged out, he looked dressed to

kill and took pains to leave that impression.

We were discussing Burma's other inhabitants one day, and he said, "British all right, but not see much. Keep to selves. And Naga, they crazy people. Run up and down hill (whatever that meant). Take head, but good fighter."

"What about the Burmese?"

He thought a moment and smiled. "They soft. I think one Kachin can lick twelve of them."

Postwar events proved this to be quite accurate. +



JALPAIGURI—For the past year or so, anti-social elements in the district have been using a new method for extorting money from marriage parties. They approach these parties in groups soon after they arrive at the brides' homes, or lie in wait for them on the way after erecting road blocks, and demand large sums as donations to their clubs, which usually do not exist. The brides' people fear them and dare not interfere. The police are aware of this, but cannot do anything because no complaints are made. At Alipurduar recently, the rowdies threw bombs and injured a taxi driver when he tried to dodge them. He was carrying a marriage party to the bride's home.

SERAMPORE—A mob of about a dozen black lemurs (Hanuman) held up traffic at the crossing of Town Guard Road and Moti Jheel Lane in the Chinsurah area of Hooghly for about half an hour recently, in an apparent show of "ape fury" over a minor traffic accident in which one of their babies was slightly injured. The baby monkey had run into a speeding bicycle and its limbs were caught in one of the wheels. The cyclist tried to extricate it, but got only a resounding slap from the mother for his pains. The frightened cyclist fled. Other Hanumans then suddenly appeared, surrounded the cycle and hooted and

jumped in fury, threatening people who came near to help. Police finally were able to keep the apes at bay until an onlooker could extricate the little monkey from the wheel. The apes scampered away.

BHOPAL—The Madhya Pradesh police have unearthed a powerful wireless transmitter and two receivers, bearing foreign markings, from the banks of the Lodri near Dewas.

NEW DELHI—The Soviet Union will provide five million roubles for preparation of detailed project reports and other technical assistance for the Singrauli and Raniganj coal projects.

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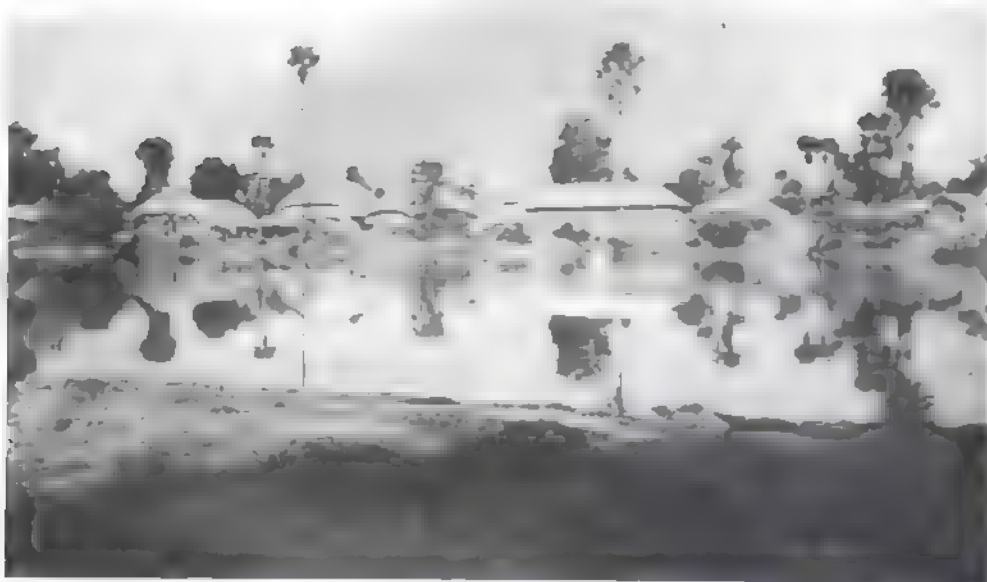
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A Walk Through a Village



Nancy Bratton of near St. Joseph, Ill., went to India as a participant in the International Farm Youth Exchange (IFYE). One of her letters to her home town newspaper, the St. Joseph Record, described a typical village in India . . . it may bring back a few memories to readers who have seen similar villages.

By NANCY BRATTON

Take a walk with me through a village in District Hubli, Mysore State, India. First notice there are no walls surrounding this village as there were in Uttar Pradesh. The houses are spread apart more, too.

As we walk look at the houses. The home, generally constructed of mud bricks, is brown with perhaps a white-washed area framing the doorway. The whitewash may be decorated with religious symbols or flowers in brick red or bright blue.

A patch of bright red color on the thatched roof proves to be chilies drying in the sun. A second patch of color is the saris drying. In this area sari patterns are small checks in brown or green with a border of bright orange, red or yellow. Here in the village the sari cloth is coarse cotton.

Usually the homes are small with an inner courtyard often roofed but not always. Inside, the cattle are feeding on one side of the courtyard. The other side contains the kitchen. The kitchen consists of a chula (mud formed stove) and a few brass or iron utensils and pottery jars for storage and a stack of cow dung patties used for fuel.

Next to the kitchen area is the sleeping area. This may mean simply a row of rope cots with a roll of bedclothes. Or it may mean two or three small rooms with the rope cots and a metal chest for storing a few personal items.

Somewhere in the home is a small niche for the statutes of the household gods and goddesses. These vary from home to home and are made from mud baked and hand painted with vegetable dyes.

The home is very gloomy inside because of the smoke from the chula and because this home has no electricity.

As we walk, each step causes a stir of red dust. This village is in a water scarce area and it is past the monsoon (rainy) season. The dust covers our clothes, coats, our tongue and clogs our nose.

A Walk Through a Village

Still it is the soil from which the villager makes his living.

Farther down the street we see a larger home. Electric wires run into the home. The woman standing in the doorway, wearing a gaily printed sari, smiles shyly as we go by.

Nearby a group of children are walking from school. The girls are wearing white blouses and blue skirts, most of which are long. In their neatly braided hair they wear flowers or colorful ribbons. The boys are wearing shorts and shirts of light brown or white. In their hands the children carry their notebooks and a few have a book or two.

One of the little girls stops, squats down by the gutter, urinates and goes on her way. No one else seems to notice.

As we proceed farther down the street we realize that a group of children are following us. The children are small and

very dirty in comparison to the children we'd seen earlier. The girls are wearing short frocks in dull prints. They have flowers in their hair even though their hair is poorly combed. The boys are wearing shorts and shirts and like the girls have no shoes or sandals. But the weather is warm.

Nearby a woman works in her kitchen garden. She has planted tomatoes, lettuce, banana trees, cauliflower and beans. She sits in a squat position and weeds by hand. She moves slowly down the rows and stands only when her labor is finished.

We have seen no men in the village because they are in the fields working with their bullocks and hand implements. As we start to turn into another dirt street our UNICEF truck arrives to take us back to Hubli. We've seen a glimpse of the village. +



INJURED PILOT being carried along a river bed in north Burma after crashing is believed to be Lt. Greenlaw M. Collins of New Orleans, La. Can anyone confirm this? Photo by Ray Howard and Boyd Sinclair.

Food Far More Vital Than Money

By DENNIS BAILEY
San Francisco Chronicle

When a high-level Indian government official claimed recently that his country's current runaway inflation affects "only 20 per cent of our population," many Western observers might have been inclined to scoff. And there is no doubt that prices have skyrocketed in India, wages remain frozen, and at least half the population has cash incomes at or below the "poverty line" of \$60 a year.

But the fact is that the majority of India's people are only peripherally involved, if they are involved at all, in the cash-based economy of the country.

Most Indians are rural villagers, not city-dwellers, and perhaps nowhere is the gap between town and country greater than in India.

Outside the few great cities, life in India's 600,000 rural villages continues in more or less traditional patterns—patterns in which economic well-being cannot be gauged by the amount of cash on hand.

The average income of agricultural laborers in India is rarely more than 45 cents a day, and workers can count on only about 100 paid days a year. Rice, the staple of the Indian diet, is currently selling at upward of 40 cents a liter, and a working man can easily consume that quantity in two meals.

Given these statistics, if Indian agricultural laborers were entirely dependent on their cash incomes, they, let alone their families, would simply have starved to death long ago.

But in the mud-walled villages of Tamil Nadu—admittedly one of India's more prosperous states—the people seem strong and healthy, very much alive, and even happy to be alive.

How do they do it?

For the landed peasantry the answer is obvious. They grow their own food, and sell or trade the surplus for what they cannot produce.

But even the landless—by far the majority of the peasantry—benefit from

the traditionally high communal spirit of the Indian village.

Rivalry between communities has always been strong on the subcontinent and—as during the post-partition riots of 1947, with their toll of 600,000 dead and millions wounded, homeless and bereaved—it is all too often incredibly savage and bloody.

But within the community—although caste and kinbased rivalries are always present—there is a spirit of unity which insists that the village will look after its own.

Landed and landless peasantry exist in a symbiotic relationship based largely on practical considerations. The landed cannot work their land alone; the landless cannot work at all unless they're strong and healthy.

The relationship between landed and landless is one of patron and client rather than boss and worker. Although in terms of cash wages workers receive what amounts to a pittance, patrons are usually careful to see that they do not seriously want.

Wages are most often supplemented by two meals a day—a mid-morning ration of millet porridge, and a full meal of rice and lentil soup in the afternoon. Rations are ordinarily generous enough that workers can take some of their food home to their families at night.

In addition, dependents always manage to supplement the family larder in one way or another. Old people and children graze the village cattle, and receive in return a cooked meal or a gift of grain, vegetables or milk. Housewives usually find time to do washing or sewing for the wives of their husband's patrons. They, too, will rarely be paid in cash, but will always receive something in kind.

Thus—always on condition that the harvest is good, a condition all too frequently negated by natural catastrophe—the village manages to feed itself.

Clothing and housing do not, in the tropical climate of much of the subcontinent, present too great a problem. With

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

the help of a few friends a man can build his own mud-walled, leaf-thatched hut in a matter of days, with only a minimal outlay for materials.

Dress is similarly simple: graceful arrangements of variously-sized strips of cloth, saris for the women and sarong-like dhotis for the men. Since it is traditional for patrons to give gifts of cloth on festival days, cost of clothing is rarely a serious financial burden.

Fuel is more of a problem. No cash is required to obtain the dried cow dung and brush-wood used in most village homes, but much diligent searching is necessary, for the supply is year-by-year diminishing, and the demand continually increasing.

Entertainment is most often home-made. Young men put on athletic competitions and sacred dramas, the old re-tell traditional tales, and traveling troupes of jugglers and mountebanks can still be counted on to put in an appearance.

Though rites of passage are of intense importance in village life, and the expense considerable, the villager with a daughter to marry or a son to initiate into manhood will usually be aided by his patron, and will take care to invite as many guests as he possibly can, each

one of whom will be expected to bestow a gift.

This traditional communal pattern of mutual assistance and sharing of wealth still continues to function in areas like Tamil Nadu, which, unlike the northern states, has had relatively decent harvests in recent years.

Up north, however, the pattern is breaking down. For two straight years, floods and droughts have devastated harvests. Food reserves are exhausted, and the much-lauded "Green Revolution," which just a few years ago produced more than nine million tons of surplus grain, has all but withered entirely. Dependent as it was on oil-based fertilizers and oil-fed pumps, it is simply no longer workable in India, which this year will spend at least half of its hard-won foreign exchange to purchase no more than three-fourths of the oil it needs.

About 200 million people face famine in northern and central India. Patrons are hoarding what food reserves they have left, and thousands of the landless are fleeing to the already overcrowded, jobless cities. The traditional pattern of sharing and mutual assistance can hardly continue when no land is left in workable condition, and there is no food surplus to share. +

Cousin, Are You a Tiger?

If you were assigned or attached to the AVG, CATF, and/or the 14th Air Force, before and during World War II in China, as military, tech representative, Red Cross personnel, or US Civil Service personnel, you can join the unique and colorful FLYING TIGERS of the 14th Air Force Association—a "Last-Man Group".

Write for informational literature to Don Van Cleve, 1723 E. Grauwylar Rd., Irving, Tx. 75061.



ST. PATRICK'S Catholic Church in Karachi appears in background of this picture of a monument. Photo by Harry E. Kane.

86th Service Sqdn.

● The 86th Air Service Squadron held a reunion July 18, 19 and 20 at the Holiday Inn, Alcoa, Tenn. We really enjoyed seeing one another and talking over old times. While there a friend of mine gave me my first copy of Ex-CBI Roundup.

PAUL H. SANDERS,
Maryville, Tenn.

Enjoyed Reunion

● We really enjoyed our first reunion and the acceptance by all there. It truly is a CBI "family."

ROCCO PERNETTI,
Los Banos, Calif.

20th General

● Was formerly with the 20th General Hospital.

DAVID F. ATWATER,
Arcadia, Calif.

Richard G. Kahn

● Richard G. Kahn, 51, a CBI veteran who practiced law in Chicago, was one of four persons killed when a twin-engine plane crashed and burned at Joliet, Ill., Feb. 15, 1975. The four were members of the board of governors of the Illinois State Bar Association. They were returning from the board's monthly meeting in Peoria, and their flight had been diverted from O'Hare International Airport to Joliet because of bad weather. Dick and I served together in the CBI in the 730th Signal Aircraft Warning Battalion, which was broken up in Kanchrapara in late 1945. He is survived by his wife, two sons, a daughter, his parents, a brother and a sister.

GLENN W. SCHMIDT,
Chicago, Ill.

321 Hump Missions

● For a number of years now I have enjoyed the Roundup and have eagerly looked for some familiar names to no avail. I was on the initial echelon of the 1st Air Corps Ferry Command and lived with those wonderful Flying Tigers from March '42 until they disbanded in July '42, I believe it was. I was a static chaser stationed at Kunming, China, and various bases in Upper Assam, India, and was with the 2nd Troop Carrier Sqdn. for a few months prior to my return to the States in January '44. Those who went over in '42 didn't have the benefit of a rotation plan point system established until some time in mid or late '43. I was on detached service in China all of this time and my records didn't catch up with me until late '43—by that time I had recorded 321 missions over the Hump, but that's no record—I understand that Sgt. Saylor, whom I knew for awhile and lost track of, had more missions than that. I shall always treasure the memories of those early Air Corps members, "Cannonball" Metzger, M/ Sgt. Tom McIntosh, T/ Sgt. Looney, "Pappy" Boatwright, "Oily" Longacre, "Stan" Irons, Lt. Eugene Fletcher (Ret. Col.), Lt. Grissimer, and Ed Strobel, to name a few.

WAYNE "ROD" RODRICK,
5645 Hummingbird Lane,
Clarkston, MI. 48016

Rest in Shillong

● Glad to see pictures sent in by John Dirgo. John and I went on rest leave together to Shillong back in January 1945, and "hitched" our first airplane ride to get back to "Shing" from Ledo on our return. Welcome aboard, John.

WARREN S. JONES,
Conklin, N.Y.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Dr. Philip Bloemsma

● Dr. Philip Bloemsma, 73, noted surgeon and beloved hero to a group of American veterans of World War II, died April 15, 1975, in Bethesda, Md. Born in the Netherlands, he served for 23 years in the Dutch East Indies (now Indonesia) as a doctor in the Dutch East Indies Army. Captured by the Japanese on the island of Java, he was interned with some 650 members of the 2nd Battalion of the U.S. Army's 131st Field Artillery Regiment while his wife and children were imprisoned in Jakarta. With the American Army unit, Dr. Bloemsma was sent to Burma and Thailand. The unit eventually became known as the "Lost Battalion," whose members were lost in the jungles of Burma and Thailand and forced to build a railroad linking the two countries. Within a short period nearly 100 Americans died, then Dr. Bloemsma helped the American doctors take care of the sick. This was done with no medicine, and with makeshift instruments, but Dr. Bloemsma's knowledge of tropical diseases was especially valuable. In 1957, survivors of the "Lost Battalion" honored him at a battalion reunion in Mineral Wells, Tex.

(From a Washington Post clipping submitted by Jeanne B. Hillen, Laurels, Md.)

Bengal Air Depot

● Was in India in Bengal Air Depot, APO 492, from April 1943 until March 1945. I'm wondering if there is a CBI veterans association in Virginia.

ROBERT L. WILSON, JR.,
Roanoke, Va.

Forever?

● Enjoy every issue and hope you will continue to publish it forever.

GEORGE W. ALLNOCH,
Waycross, Ga.

Burma Road

● Was on the Burma Road in 1944 with the 475th Infantry; also in China. Helped to reopen the Burma Road. Am now V.F.W. Post 382 commander at El Reno, Okla.

ROBERT W. ROOFE,
Yukon, Okla.

William J. Ummerle

● William J. Ummerle, 67, of Kingston, N.Y. who served as a sergeant in the 110th AAFBU in CBI during World War II, died in August after a short illness. He had been employed by the Penn Central Railroad.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Clark W. Myers, Kingston, N.Y.)

CNAC Newsletter

● Have mentioned Ex-CBI Roundup in the CNAC Cannon Ball, the newsletter I send to the ex-CNAC people I have been able to contact. While CNAC was civilian, it worked alongside the ATC flying the Hump. We were never too close but we were Americans all. Our memories are the same—the heat, malaria, etc. We still remember those days of our youth. Should any of your readers be CNAC or know someone that was, we would like to add them to our mailing list.

REG FARRAR, M.D.,
132 Gifford Ave.,
Jersey City, N.J. 07304



TYPICAL morning scene on a Calcutta street, with entire families sleeping on the sidewalk. Photo by LeRoy J. Engel.

COMMANDER'S

MESSAGE

by

Earl O. Cullum

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



November 1st at Milwaukee—Fall Board Meeting . . . August 18-21, 1976 in Atlanta—29th Annual CBIVA Reunion . . . Mark your calendars now.

The San Francisco Reunion was enjoyed by 400 CBIs including General Fred C. Weyand, Army Chief of Staff, and the Honorable Dean Rusk, former Secretary of State. Ray Alderson, the People's Choice, received the "Award of Merit"; and General Weyand received the "Americanism Award". The New York State CBIVA Department and the Valley of the Sun Basha (Arizona) were chartered.

It was a sad moment when outgoing Commander Dick Poppe turned over the reins to the new officers. Certainly CBIVA has never had a more faithful or sincere leader, and lovable Sally made it the perfect team. The two of them have been just great, and I hope the new administration can do half as well.

Confusion arose early in the installation when the team of Earl O. and Earl A. was introduced; but the new officers had no trouble with their identities. And if you know the difference between "O" and "A", you should have no trouble with these two.

Your new National Commander spoke for all the new officers, thanking the

membership for the opportunity to serve in 1975-76. He pledged that CBIs would continue to support the national policy of a strong defense; and assured the Chief of Staff that the graying CBI veterans are ready to serve again if their army ever needs them.

One highlight of the reunion was the presentation of China War Memorial Medals by Republic of China Consul-General James Lee to CBIs who served in China during World War II. And Judge Advocate Lou Poudre will continue his excellent work in 1975-76 as liaison for CWM Medal matters. Past Commander Dick Poppe will serve as CBIVA Liaison Officer to the Republic of China government, continuing the relationship he established during the past year.

Senior Vice-Commander Earl A. Harris will continue to offer membership to new CBIs as we "discover" them; and our Junior Vice-Commanders will work to keep our members from "dropping out" when renewal time comes around again.

When the Yankees invaded Atlanta more than 100 years ago they destroyed the city. Next year our Yankees will invade Atlanta again, but this time the Southerners will greet them with open arms. So let's all plan ahead, and when the time comes, send in your reservations without delay. Assure yourself of a "front row seat" for all the great things that will happen in Atlanta.

And now a brief personal note: Thanks to all of you for all you have done for me this past year. But don't stop now. If I receive any more snapshots, daughter Kaye Lee will put them in a personal scrapbook for me.

Everyone start planning now for a great time in Atlanta, August 18-21, 1976.

**TELL YOUR
FRIENDS
ABOUT
CBI ROUNDUP**

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is an official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.



RECONSTRUCTED Shweli River bridge towers majestically over the ruins of the wrecked old bridge along the Stilwell Road to China in April 1945. Photo by Ray Howard and Boyd Sinclair.

Martha J. Wratney

● Am sorry to tell you that my friend who went to India in the same group I did has gone on to her reward. Martha J. Wratney of Pittsburgh, Pa., was a real hard worker during and after the war. She served in the hospitals in Karachi, Chakulia, Ramgarh, on a jungle post and later in England. Returning after war service she did work with handicapped children in Pittsburgh.

LILLIAN T. LITTLE,
("Stevie" Stevens),
Los Angeles, Calif.

Eugene E. McCain

● Lt. Col. Eugene E. McCain (USAF, Ret.) died Dec. 19, 1974, in Fall River Mills, Calif. A veteran of World War II, he flew the Hump from India and ferried aircraft in the States. He served considerable time in SAC and his final assignment was in Santiago, Chile. His wife and a daughter survive.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by Elsie M. Sours, Phoenix, Ariz.)

Archie P. Burgess

● Archie P. Burgess, 66, a retired architect of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, died Jan. 22 in Washington, D.C. A graduate of George Washington University, he entered the Army Air Corps in 1942 and served in India in military intelligence as an expert in photographic interpretation. He was discharged as a major.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by Jeanne B. Hillen, Laurel, Md.)

745th Railway

● We have just returned from the 29th annual reunion of the 745th Railway Battalion in Williamsburg, Va. Ninety percent of the men had not heard of Ex-CBI Roundup, and enjoyed the back copies we took with us. We gave out the decals I had ordered and at the banquet the CBI lapel pins were given as door prizes. Those who received them were really delighted with them. Incidentally, our 30th reunion will be in Little Rock, Ark., with my wife and me as host couple.

F. D. DAVIS,
Pine Bluff, Ark.

Heads V.F.W.

● William P. Peck of Tacoma, Wash., a CBI veteran, has been elected commander of the Washington State Department of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. He will head the 28,000-member organization for one year. Peck is an Army veteran of World War II, having served in the China-Burma-India theater with the 209th Combat Engineers.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by several readers.)



CHILDREN playing on the street in Calcutta, while their mother washes kitchen utensils at the gutter. Photo by LeRoy J. Engel.

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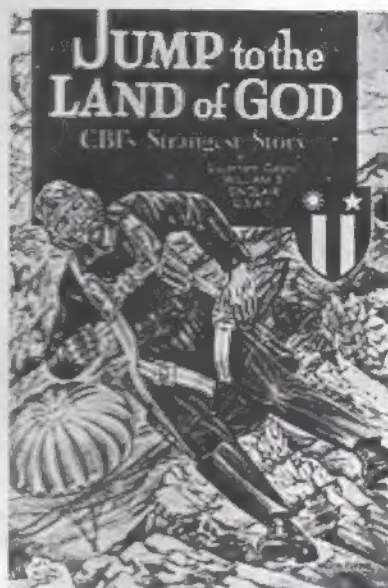
Now, after nearly 10 years of successful selling, only a few copies of this well-known book are left in print, and we have them. It's the story of five ATC crewmen in a C-87 who became lost while flying from Kunming to Jorhat. Caught in a mighty Himalayan storm, they strayed into Tibet and became the first men to fly over the Holy City of Lhasa. With their fuel gone, they jumped into the black of night, into a land and among a people they could not have conceived of in their wildest fancy.

JOHN TOLAND, Pulitzer Prize winner: " 'Jump to the Land of God' is a fascinating true story. I particularly commend it to anyone who served in the CBI."

JOE WHITLEY, co-author of "One Damned Island After Another": "The fact of 'Jump to the Land of God' merits a place beside the fiction of 'Lost Horizon'."

ESTHER MAHONEY, Station WHHY, Montgomery, Alabama: "One of the strangest stories of the first half of the 20th Century."

THOMAS TURNER in The Dallas Morning News: "Fine account of a fabulous experience. A trip that makes a TV plot seem tame."



Col. William Boyd Sinclair, the author, is a retired Air Force officer who was one of the editors of the original CBI Roundup. Some of his articles and book reviews have appeared in Roundup.

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